

## Sisters' Department.

### I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

The latest of the railway disasters and one of the worst of them all—the collision at Battle Creek, in which twenty-six lives were lost—was marked by a most pathetic and affecting incident. In the work of rescue the passengers found a woman with her body partly out of a car window, but pinned fast to the wreckage. The flames burst forth near by, and in spite of frantic efforts it was impossible to release her before the fire drove the rescuers back. The woman recognized the situation. As tears started from the eyes of the horrified men, she told them not to weep sent messages of love to her husband and friends—not knowing that her husband was dying of his injuries at the time—gave her name and address, and without a groan resigned herself to her awful fate saying as her last words, "I am not afraid to die—I am a christian!"

It was a death which the spectators will never forget. It was a remarkable triumph of the Christian's faith under circumstances of the most trying character. It was a testimony such as is not often given to the power and worth of the religion of Jesus.—*Standard*.

### THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF LIFE.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all that makes it "beautiful to be alive" consists in cup-offerings of water. Not an hour of life's journey but is rendered easier by their freshening or harder by their absence. Why? Because most of us are burden-bearers of one sort or another; because to most of us a large part of the journey is a dull and trivial trudge; because there is so much dust upon the road, and not so many bad places as we probably think, yet many commonplaces; and it is load and dust and stretches of the commonplace that make one thirsty. If the feeling on our shoulders were of wings instead of a load; if on Mondays, "in some good cause not our own," we were marching singing to a battle, and on Saturdays were coming back victorious, then the greetings on the way would make less difference to us. But as it is, we crave the roadside recognition, which gives praise for the

good deed attempted, pity for the hard luck and the fall, a hand-lift now and then to ease the burdens chafe and now and then a word of sympathy in the step-step-stepping that takes us through the dust. And this is all that most of us can wait to give, for we, too, are here on business. You cannot step my journey for me, cannot carry me on your back, cannot do me any great service; but it makes a world of difference to me whether I do my part with or without these little helps which fellow-travelers exchange. "I am busy, Johnny, and can't help it," said the father, writing away when the little fellow hurt his fingers. "Yes you could—you might have said 'Oh!'" sobbed Johnnie. There's a Johnnie in tears inside of all of us upon occasions. The old Quaker was right: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do to my fellow-beings, let me do it now. I pass this way but once."—*Selected*.

## Children's Department.

SHENDUN, VA., Jan. 8th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I am a little girl seven years old I can not write much yet. This is New Years and I am going to school now. I am in the second reader. I like my teacher very much. I have four brothers and three sisters, and one brother and one sister dead. My sister died one year ago last summer. When she was sick she said if she died I should be a good girl. This I will try and remember as long as I live. I got a fine doll for Christmas. Good-bye.

VERGY LEE GARLAND.

Well Vergy we are glad to let you see this letter in print and glad to know you mean to be a good girl as long as you live. This world needs many more good girls and woman. Write again.

SHENDUN, VA., Jan. 8th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my second attempt to write for the children's column. I have two brothers and one sister going to school. I can not go this winter. My papa, mamma, sister and I belong to the Brethren church. I have one sister and one brother dead. The Methodist brethren had a Christ-

mas tree one mile and a half from our home. This was a merry Christmas and happy New Year. Good-bye for this time.

NETTIE GARLAND.

We are glad to record you as a member of the church, Nettie, and trust you will grow in grace and the knowledge of God as you grow in years. Read your Bible and pray every day then you will be a light to the world.

LANARK, ILL., Jan. 2, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—Aunt Etta asked all the little folks to write and vote one to have one page for the little folks. I would love to have it, for I like to read the little folk's letters. I am a member of the Junior King's Children. We have about forty-two members. Mr. Snively talked to us last Sunday evening. The subject was on temperance. We had a Christmas tree on Saturday eve before Christmas and each scholar got a box of candy and nuts and an orange. Our teacher gave each one of his class a pretty handkerchief case, there are about twenty-six in our class. I will close by wishing you a happy New Year.

LULU SWORD.

Lulu this is a very good letter and we ought to have two or three letters each week from forty-two Juniors.

ASHLAND, OHIO, Dec. 21, '93.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am nine years old. Our school will be out Friday for two week's vacation, then we all have to be vaccinated or we can not go to school when it commences.

Instead of getting a present for our teacher this year, all that could do so took potatoes and other things for the poor, and I hope they will enjoy them. I sold almanacs and bought me a new sled this winter, and we have had plenty of snow for coasting.

PAUL A. BAILEY.

This is a good letter, Paul. To give to the poor is right and Christ like, for He always helped those who were in distress. I am sure the thanks that arose from the hearts of the poor were more sincere than they would have been had you bestowed your goods upon those who were not needy. You certainly enjoy your new sled more by earning it yourself. It manifests a